he fully recognised—to put some stage jewels on to the scarf that he wore round his head when he supped with the Christians.

[41]1 have an idea that, when he went to that supper, he'd like to ftaunt his wealth in the Christian dogs' faces. It will look well, too—' like the toad, ugly and venomous/ wearing precious jewels on his head ! "

The scarf, witnessing to that untiring love of throwing new light on his impersonations which distinguished Henry to the last, is now in my daughter's possession. She values no relic of him more unless it be the wreath of oak-leaves that she made him for " Coriolanus."

We had a beautiful scene for this play—a garden with a dark pine forest in the distance. Henry was *not* good in it. He had a Romeo part which had not been written by Shakespeare. We played it instead of the last act of " The Merchant of Venice." I never liked it being left out, but people used to say, like parrots, that " the interest of the play ended with the Trial Scene/' and Henry believed them—for a time. I never did. Shakespeare *never* gives up in the last act like most dramatists.

Twice in " lolanthe " *I* forgot that I was blind! The first time was when I saw old Tom Mead and Henry Irving groping for the amulet, which they had to put on my breast to heal me of my inirmity. It had slipped on to the floor, and both of them were too short-sighted to see it! Here was a predicament 1 I had to stoop and pick it up for them.

The second time I put out my hand and cried: " Look out for my lilies,[1]* when Henry nearly stepped on the

bunch with which a little girl friend of mine supplied me every night I played the part.

lolanthe was one of Helen Faucit's great successes. I never saw this distinguished actress when she was in her prime. Her Rosalind, when she carne out of her retirement